NUMB. VII.

The GRUMBLER.

By Squire GIZZARD.

To be continued Weekly.

Lætus in præſens animus, quod ultrà eſt
Oderit curare, & amara lento
Temperet riſu. **Hor.**

THURSDAY, *April* 7. 1715.

HAVING lately been prevailed upon by my Friends to ſhew my ſelf at Court, where I was bleſs'd with the Sight of our auſpicious Monarch ſurrounded by a Circle of wiſe and faithful Counſellors, ſuch as had been for ſome Years Strangers to that Place; I find my natural Temper ſo ſweetened, that I fear I ſhall not be in a Humour to *Grumble* again theſe Eight Days: I am neceſſitated therefore at preſent, to entreat my Readers to be contented with ſuch Entertainment as the Wit of my Correſpondents can afford them. The firſt of which Number is my Brother *Tom*, from whom laſt Week I receiv'd the following Epiſtle.

To ANTHONY GIZZARD, *Eſquire.*

Dear Brother,

'I Cannot forbear congratulating thee upon 'the Abſence of thy old Friend the *Vi-* 'ſcount. I know that he has ſtuck in thy *Giz-* 'zard many and many a Day. But ſince he has 'ſhewn us a light pair of Heels, and is gone, let 'all thy Cares and Anxieties go with him. In 'ſhort, the Times are too Glorious and Happy 'for any Man to *Grumble* in; and therefore, my 'dear *Tony*, correct the moroſeneſs of thy Diſpo- 'ſition, and be in a merry Humour like the reſt 'of thy Neighbours. I know thou wilt tell me 'that the *Grumbles* is an incurable Diſeaſe, and 'that thou art not Sour or Splenatick out of 'Choice, but Neceſſity. I have therefore out 'of my hearty love to thee, procured from my 'Uncle *Bird*, a Man noted for the Chaſtity of 'his Brandy, the following Receipt, which I am 'confident will at any time carry off the moſt vi- 'olent Fit of the *Grumbles* that a Man can be 'ſeiz'd with, it having already wrought Wonders 'both by Sea and Land.

A Recipe for curing the *Grumbles.*

℞ *A Dozen of right freſh and ſubſtantial* Malaga *Lemons; ſqueeze the Juice of them into two Quarts of fair Water, newly drawn from* Hare-Court-Pump; *to this add one Quart of Major* Bird's *beſt* Coniac *Brandy; in this diſſolve of the fineſt double refined Sugar* ℥iij. fiat mixtura ſecundum Artem: *Place the Perſon diſtempered with the* Grumbles *in an eaſy Chair; after his Supper adminiſter a* quantum ſufficit *in equal Proportions, till the Patient is obſerved to look pleaſant; and I pronounce the* Grumbles *cured for that whole Night.* Probatum eſt.

'And now, deareſt *Tony*, to ſhew my Friend- 'ſhip for thee, although this Receipt of it ſelf 'be ſufficiently powerful, I ſhall ſubjoyn to it a 'Catch I made laſt Night, which if the Com- 'pany does but ſing, while the Doſe preſcrib'd is 'adminiſtring, will exceedingly facilitate its Ope- 'ration.

SON-

(Price Two-pence.)

SONNET

I.

Sim, Hal *and* Bob,
Who did a Job,
Brave Hanover *to Hamper*;
From Parliament,
With joint Conſent,
Now think it meet to Scamper.

II.

Hal *leads the Dance,*
He learnt in France;
Sly Bob *comes hobbling after:*
If Sim, *though blind,*
Should ſtay behind,
Who wou'd not burſt with Laughter?

'And ſo, dear Brother, in hopes of hearing by 'thy next, that the Song and the Receipt toge-'ther have wrought thy Cure for this Night, I 'remain,

Dear Anthony,

Thy careful Phyſician,

and affectionate Brother,

Tom. Gizzard.

My next Correſpondent is as yet a Stranger to me: He may, for ought I know, be a Man of as much good Senſe as Vivacity; which, if he proves to be, I ſhall know how to value his Acquaintance.

Honeſt GIZZARD,

'CEremony apart; Who are you? Whence 'are you? What would you be at? Sa-'tisfy my Curioſity in theſe Points; appoint a 'Day and Hour to meet me at the Ship, or elſe-'where; and if upon Trial I find you after the 'firſt Bottle to be a true *Briton*, I vow an eternal 'Friendſhip to you, and will furniſh you from 'Time to Time with ſuch Myſteries of Iniqui-'ty, ſuch ample Materials for Satyr and Reproof, 'as ſhall pamper your Spleen to the height, and 'make your Sides fat with *Grumbling*. In the 'mean Time adieu.

Barnaby Briſk.

'Direct for me at *Button*'s.

Inſtead of giving Mr. *Briſk* the Trouble of a Letter, I take this Opportunity to let him know, that I have already been ſomewhat particular in the Account of my ſelf, my Family, and my Intentions. However, if that will not ſuffice a Perſon of his Curioſity, let him meet me at *Button*'s, upon *Eaſter-Monday*, at Nine in the Morning; and if I find his Head Cool, and his Deportment Regular over a Diſh of Coffee, I ſhall not ſcruple to drink a Bottle with him at Night.

The laſt Letter I have to produce, is from a Muſick-Maſter, addreſſed in the following manner:

To the Worſhipful Squire GIZZARD.

Honoured Sir,

'UNderſtanding that your Worſhip has given 'your ſelf up to the Amuſement of *Grum-'bling*, and that you are deſirous to excel all of 'that Faculty, that have or ſhall ever come into 'the World; I humbly propoſe my Aſſiſtance to 'you in your Undertaking. There is no need 'I ſhould inform your Honour, that all the Diſ-'poſitions or Indiſpoſitions of the Mind may be 'wonderfully heightened and improved by the 'Power of Muſick. I ſhall not here enlarge up-'on the various Efficacies of the various Inſtru-'ments which the Wit of Man hath invented. 'Briefly, I ſhall only beg leave humbly to recom-'mend to your Worſhip the Uſe and Exerciſe of 'the *Baſs-Viol*, which I may with great Proprie-'ty ſtile the *Grumbler's Delight*. In a word, I 'Teach the true hoarſe Sweep with the Bow, 'and the cloſe Fret of the Guts to ſuch a nice-'ty, that I queſtion not but your Worſhip would 'very much improve in *Grumbling* from my Leſ-'ſons in a ſhort Time.

P. S. 'I have Taught a great many ingeni-'ous Perſons with Succeſs, who have retired 'with their Viols from the World, and hourly '*Grumble* to ſome Tune or other.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Sir *Theodore Mayern*'s (Phiſician to K. *Charles*)
Opiate for the Teeth,

Makes them clean and white as Ivory; preſerves them from the Tooth-Ach, preventing and killing the Scurvy, having nothing in it deſtructive to the Fibres, neither wearing the Gums away, as is the Nature of all Powders: This Opiate having been experienc'd for above 20 Years, by ſeveral Perſons of Quality, to be the only thing now extant. About the Quantity of a large Pea rubbed hard upon the Teeth every Morning, waſhing it off with clean Water, will be ſufficient. Price of the largeſt Box 2 s. 6 d. the leſſer 1 s. 3 d. Sold at Mr. Garret's, under the Royal-Exchange, Cornhill; where they may be had Wholeſale for the Country, at 14 s. per Dozen, if ſpoke for before-hand; at the Salmon, the Weſt end of St. Paul's Cathedral; at the Comb, under St. Dunſtan's in Fleet-ſtreet; at the Plow, in the New Exchange, in the Strand; at Will's Coffee Houſe, under Scotland-Yard-Gate; at Mrs. Bracknock's, the upper end of St. James's Street, Piccadilly.

On Saturday will be publiſh'd No. V. of

*** The LONDON POST, *&c.* To be continu'd Weekly, with the freſheſt News Foreign and Domeſtick, together with Port-news, Rates of Stocks and Funds, Prices of Corn, Abſtracts of Caſes and Cauſes depending in Parliament or in the Courts of Juſtice, with an impartial Account of all Pamphlets and Books publiſh'd the Week paſt, and in ſhort every Thing that can inform or divert the Reader.

N.B. This will be no *Party Paper*, but a true Original of Facts as they are, and is ſo printed that Gentlemen may ſend 'em into the Country Letterwiſe without the Charge of double Poſtage. Sold by *S. Keimer* at the *Printing-Preſs* in *Pater-noſter-Row*, and *Ann Boulter* without *Temple-Bar*.

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